

Misunderstanding by prettyboiiharringrove

Series: [Prettyboii's Harringrove Halloween Countdown 2018 \[11\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Billy Hargrove

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Summary:

Harringrove Halloween Countdown // October 11 — Billy has always been a grumpy asshole, so the kids typically let most of his behavior slide, for Steve's sake, but as the clues get weirder it's obvious something is up with him, and they have to fix it before Steve finds out.

Misunderstanding

Will *knows* that it's not possession. Whatever is wrong with Billy, it's not that. He knows what it looks like because he's been in that position and sure, whatever this is, it's messy and weird but it's not the mindflayer or some other monster, and he tries to get his friends to listen, but they won't.

He ends up outside, sitting at the front door waiting for Steve with his knees pulled to his chest as one of his hands traces over the burn scar left on his side from Nancy Wheeler. He's starting to worry that the methods that saved him might be what kill Billy and he's scared.

When he hears a car door close he's pulled out of his panicked daze to see Steve walking up the driveway. He seems nervous, probably because there's a crying Will Byers curled up on his doorstep.

"Will?" Steve can obviously tell it's Will, the confusion is more why he's sitting outside by himself instead of with the kids or in the house. "What are you doing out here? Billy would have let you in."

Will cringes at the mention of him. Billy would and did let him in, that's the problem.

"They're hurting him Steve. It's really bad and I tried to stop them, I swear I did but they just won't listen. I'm the *only* one that knows what it's like but they don't care !! They think because I'm close to Billy I'm being naive or something but it's not that, I just know, I know it's not in him but they won't listen !!" Will answers frantically and Steve's eyes go wide. He's got no clue what the fuck is going on, but he's sure that Will just told him that group of tiny assholes are in his house assaulting his boyfriend and that's definitely not cool with him. "Steve I...I'm so sorry."

Will's voice sounds so weak, and he's not angry with Will because he knows all the kid wants to do is help, but he doesn't say much to him, just rushes past him to get to Billy. Whatever he was expecting, this is much worse.

Billy's tied up in a chair with vomit all down the front of him. It had

even made its way out his nose because when things started the kids had gagged him so that he couldn't use his silver tongue to manipulate them, and when he'd gotten overheated and nauseous, the only reason they removed the gag was because Max could tell he was fucking choking and "We don't want him dead, we just want the thing out of him, what the fuck is wrong with you guys ?!"

Billy was so angry when this had started he didn't dignify their insanity with an explanation and by the time he realized it might have been his only escape, he was too far gone to tell them. He wasn't possessed; some could argue there was a weird little parasite inside him controlling his behavior and making him ill, although Billy did often tend to make it sound more poetic than that.

Steve is the only other person that knows and Billy has started to think that he might never come home, or even worse, that he is somehow in on this. Everything smells and tastes of his own sick, there are tear tracks all down his cheeks, his wrists are sore and bloody from where he had fought too hard against his restraints, and he's panting and so goddamn thirsty as he suffocated under the heat of the room.

He's been trembling for the better part of a half hour, and he vaguely remembers Dustin saying "I think that means it's working..." His skin is drenched with his own sweat and he feels like he could be sick again, but his body has nothing left to give. He's scared, terrified, and at some point he shut down or went into shock, his body's attempt at coping once he realized he wasn't getting out of this.

He's completely tuned out to the kids yelling at Steve and trying to keep him back, doesn't hear Steve screaming at them, telling them their fucking idiots, pushing Mike Wheeler out of the way so he can start to untie Billy. Billy doesn't process any of it, but he must sense Steve there somehow because he hasn't made a single noise in an hour and now he's whining, fighting the restraints with what little strength he has left.

"Steve, stop !! He's trying to trick you !!" Dustin yells, stepping closer once more with Lucas close behind. At this point, Steve's sure even the kids working together couldn't stop him, he's feeling so pissed off and protective, desperate to get Billy to the fucking hospital.

Billy falls forward, unable to keep himself up once the restraint around his chest is undone; it had been tied so tightly it bruised him in four different places. Steve catches him, and is frustrated with how long it takes him to undo his wrists, because he needs to hold Billy. Billy hisses when the ropes finally loosen, moving against his fresh wounds once more.

“Steve, be careful,” Max cautions, not as aggressive or idiotic as the boys, but still nervous, still ready to fight them both if it means saving Billy. “We don’t know what he is. He could hurt you.”

It feels like Steve’s punched in the gut when Billy whines instead of argues; they’ve taken so much out of him that Billy isn’t even strong enough to utter a few words in his defense. He ignores her for a moment, stays on his knees in front of Billy and pulls him close, letting Billy bury his face in Steve’s neck, uncaring of the vomit.

“He’s not possessed,” Steve bites out, holding Billy even tighter; he’s practically limp in his arms.

“You don’t know that Steve !! He’s been acting all weird and getting sick all the time, I mean he went full Linda Blair at El’s party last week!” Mike argues, and Dustin and Lucas nod their heads so aggressively that they look like fucking bobble heads. They think Billy’s possessed but those boys act so in sync one should assume they’re fucking pod people so who are they to judge?

“He’s not possessed,” he repeats forcefully. “Get Will.”

“What?” they all seem shocked and even a little annoyed because Steve isn’t listening and clearly Billy is ten kinds of fucked up so what is his problem?

“I need to get him to the fucking hospital and I need some fucking help, but if any of you assholes touch him again, I’ll kill you. Will’s the only one with any fucking sense, so tell him to come inside, that it’s over and I need his help.”

“But Steve—”

“Dustin, one more word and I swear to god!”

“Fine, if he’s not possessed then what’s wrong with him?!”

Steve sighs, helps Billy lean back in the chair and tries not to lose himself when Billy cries at the loss of contact. Steve finally stands upright again, wipes at his face with his hands before trying to speak to them again. “He’s pregnant,” this is not the way they had wanted to deliver the news but now Steve’s only concern is that Billy and the baby are okay.

Just then Max comes back into the room with Will in tow. Will looks like he’s ready to be sick himself. He can’t look at his friends, although if he did he would probably find some odd satisfaction in the looks of shock on their faces; he was right, but none of that matters if Billy isn’t okay.

“I’m sorry,” Will whispers to Billy as he moves to stand next to Steve, ready to do whatever he can to help. Billy groans, which is probably the closest he’ll get to forgiveness in this moment, which is fine.

“Steve, w-we didn’t—”

“You’re not serious ??”

“No fucking way!!”

“Wait is he gonna—”

The kids all start panicking now, and Steve thinks that it serves them right, they should feel as scared as he does right now, and so fucking guilty too.

“Maybe next time listen to Will since he’s the only one who knows what the fuck he’s talking about,” Steve barks, moving to Billy’s side. He can take most of his weight as he helps him stand, but Will does provide some relief when he struggles under Billy’s dead weight, tucking himself under his other arm and helping to steady the three of them.

Will finally looks up at his friends, glaring as they walk towards the door. Steve’s saying something to Billy in an attempt to comfort or distract him maybe; none of them can hear what, but it’s not really theirs to hear anyways.

“I told you,” Will sighs, voice cold, and he finds himself scared by his own anger. It might be a long time until he or Steve are able to forgive the rest of them.